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The COLUMBIAN Balance, AND REPOSITORY.

"HAIL SACRED POLITY, BY FREEDOM REAR'D!
"HAIL SACRED FREEDOM, WHEN BY LAW RESTRAIN'D!"
BEATTIE.

HUDSON, (NEW-YORK) TUESDAY, JULY 23, 1805.

Original.

Hither the products of your closet-labors bring,
Enrich our columns, and instruct mankind.

FOR THE BALANCE.

TO THE ALBANY CRITIC.

SIR,

YOUR singular attack upon the late address of the Rev. President Nott, induces the few remarks which follow:—I am aware that the merit of that piece, places it, in the opinion of the learned, above the reach of splenetic critics; but fearing that, in the minds of some, your observations should be of weight, I conceive it a duty to exert my small powers in exposing the motives and imbecility of your conduct. To yourself you attribute much candour; with how little color of justice, we shall see when your remarks are duly considered. You introduce your attack by quoting what is inapplicable, Mr. Blair's remarks upon the florid stile. Mr. Nott's eloquence is of every kind; having a thorough knowledge of the human heart, he, in a manner peculiar to himself, always varies his oratory to the taste and refinement of his hearers. At one time he enforces his doctrine by an energetic, plain, and logical stile, and at another indulges in fanciful figures drawn from the most striking features of the moral and natural world. Dr. Harvey is an instance of a writer of the florid stile. President Nott's manner of writing bears no more similarity to that of Dr. Harvey, than the variegated stile bears to the one which is always bombastical and monotonous. But you say that Mr. Blair condemned the florid stile, so you very sagely applied his remarks to the stile of Mr. Nott. A very candid way of determining the faults of a writer.—Why Mr. Critic you would think it very hard, if, notwithstanding all your tenderness and Christian charity, I should call you a villian, and pretend to prove it by quoting from some learned author, a treatise on scoundrels! No, no, friend C. this kind of demonstration won't pass. But I proceed to follow you in your criticisms. The first sentence which falls under your lash is the following:—"You are now to go forth, &c. into a fascinating but illusive world." This sentence, you say, wants that dignity and simplicity of stile which should characterise the commencement of so solemn an address. To this charge I make no reply, 'tis mere assertion, the truth or falsehood of which, let him, who reads the whole sentence, determine for himself. But, when you say there is a most striking verbal inaccuracy in the sentence, I have the audacity to tell you, that you are mistaken. The particle *but*, which is the innocent victim of your pedantry, is certainly properly placed between the words fascinating and illusive. I would ask the candor of all, if a thing may not be fascinating and yet far from illusive? For instance, to the Christian mind, the beauties of the Gospel are fascinating, that is, enchanting in the highest degree; but they are not illusive, they can never deceive us. Therefore the disjunctive particle, *but*, may take quiet possession of its place. The next sentence you thought fit to notice you approved. I am happy to see that malice is sometimes compelled to approve that which it hates, *superior merit*. And here I must apply your own, "*O si sic omnia!*" That is, to translate the exclamation, I wish you had appeared as much like an honest man and candid critic throughout the whole of your essay. Your criticism upon this sentence—"Your acquirements here, though respectable, are the first rudiments of an education," is weak indeed. The tautology in the phrase "first rudiments," is the gross error which so shocks your delicate nerves. I give an illustration to shew you that the expression is correct.—Words are the rudiments of a language; but sentences are the rudiments; are not the grammatical principles of a language its rudiments? Why not then say, words are the first rudiments of a language? I confess, for my own part, I cannot see this gross error, of which you complain. But, Mr. Critic, you think that Mr. Nott's manner of collocating adverbs had a singular effect in rendering his sentences aukward and disjointed. Where is the man who ever heard Mr. Nott speak, that can say his language is obscure? I grant that Mr. Nott is singular in his manner of collocating adverbs; he is likewise singular in the construction of his sentences; and another thing, which is very singular, all these singularities have established his fame above that of any snarling critic, who, in the meanness of his soul, may attempt to detract from real merit. I proceed with the next sentence:—"Till touching the Earth, it can look above the Clouds and reach beyond the Stars." This you could barely think an unhappy imitation of Virgil. For my own part I see no error here, except a small typographical one in neglecting to comma off the words "touching the earth." Noble critic, who cannot comprehend a sentence, unless it be most accurately punctuated! The next sentence.—"In every situation, a dishonest man is detestable and a liar is still more so." This sentence you call a lame conclusion to a high strain of eloquence. Reader, peruse it again and again; can there be a more noble and virtuous sentiment! Nothing can be wanting;—it is dignified and expanded; it fills the mind.—Will Mr. Critic be so very condescending as to reflect on the sentiment which it inculcates? The next sentence, you think very aukward and inflated. Let it speak for itself.—"And having done so through the extended region of fraud and and falsehood, without a bond to check or a limit to confine him, the dreaded enemy of innocence he ranges; whose lips polute even truth itself as it passes through them, and whose breath, like the cadaverous mists of Hades, blasts and soils and poisons as it touches." Possibly Samuel Johnson was ignorant of the true meaning of the adjective cadaverous; but if he was not, it is as proper as any other word which expresses fatality, corruption, or pollution. "Cadaverous mists of Hades," that is, the foul, or corrupt mists of Hades. Next sentence:—"I am aware that that spirit of devotion, that sense of guilt and dread of punishment which pervades the human mind," &c.—This is called a confused sentence: "*Pisum teneatis amici.*" I have already trespassed too far on the limits of a news-paper, I therefore pass over those of your criticisms which are obviously false and scandalous, and consider those which are certainly malicious, and probably intended as mischievous. I go on:—"A great nation were proclaimed free." This you say is highly improper; so it is improper to say, "If geese *were* allowed to be critics wise men would certainly be proved fools!" The next:—"We have now traced the effect to its cause, and referred this abiding trait in the human character to its principle" I now quote your remark upon this sentence—"The writer here assumes much more merit as a philosophical investigator than his readers may think he deserves" You will permit me, as one of his readers, to disagree with you in this wise supposition. Whoever is intimately acquainted with Mr. Nott, must well know, that as a moral

philosopher and metaphysician he stands almost without his rival. Again—"All this christianity will do for you. It will do more than this." Now Mr. C. take a second look at that cruelty which your heart wickedly conceived. You say—what more Christianity will do for us we are told in the next sentence. And here is the sentence, to which you refer:—"It consecrates the sepulchre." But does this shew what more Christianity will do for us? No, no, Mr. C. you well know that the President goes on for half a page, in a most elegant and beautiful strain of explanation, shewing, in all the majesty of religious energy, what more Christianity will do for fallen man.—But you thought it fair to take a small part of one of the many sentences which explained what was promised in the sentence you attacked. You are truly a very candid and honorable critic. Why, in the manner you criticise, I could take the Bible and make the most noble passage which it contains, perfect nonsense, or to use your phrase "confusion worse confounded." I would disjoint sentences; I would separate those which depend upon each other. Surely no writings could withstand such profound such unexampled criticism!!! I now finish my particular remarks with requesting you to read the history of the late revolution in France. I cannot leave you however without assuring you that your pretended candor and liberality make too slazy a mantle to conceal the viperous envy and malice over which it is spread. Such uncandid criticism I do not recollect to have seen. But I will not distinguish your remarks by so honorable a name. They are feeble darts thrown by the hand of an enthusiast at the unsullied fame of a worthy man. I am sensible that I am officious in writing this defence of a work which cannot be injured by your wild attacks. But my feelings are, I suppose, like those of many others who have witnessed the effusions of wrath and envy. With real solicitude, for your safety in your attacks, upon so great a man, I indulge the wish that you may either become a rational and correct critic, or that you will abandon the province of estimating the works of the first characters in our country.

CATSKILL, *July* 12, 1805.

Editor's Closet.

The Captain of the Bee says, he "has been obliged with regret, to strike off a number of very *respectable* names from his subscription-list, on account of not hearing from them for one two, or three years past" This might appear a little strange, did I not know the other end of the story: and since the reader may not, I will explain it.—When the Bee was set up in this place, which, it should be recollected, is less than *three* years ago, Holt, to help out a laboured, but very lean support, adopted a mode of indirect begging, by sending his paper to a number of *respectable* persons, from whom, according to his own confession, he had not heard, after his flight to Hudson. This was intended as a hint, that *two dollars* from each, would be of great use to the poor supplicant. These persons, however, left the papers in the post-offices to which they were sent, or, conceiving the postage to be more than they were worth, neglected or refused to make Holt any compensation for them. So now they are struck off the list.—If this is not a fair explanation of the business, the reader must find a better one. I think, for my part, that I should hardly call that a *respectable name* which had been fairly entered on my list three years ago, and never since attended to; nor should I much *regret* striking it off. If the question is not impertinent, I should like to know how many names will be left on the Bee's subscription-list, after a number are struck off?

The following song was sung at Portsmouth, New Hampshire on the late anniversary of American Independence. Even those of my readers who are not fond of *songs*, will admire its wit and humour:....

The Hobbies Parodied.

THAT each has his HOBBY, we're not now to learn,
The doctrine's authentic, we have it in STERNE.
His hobby was wit, humor, pathos, combin'd,
Uncle TOBY rode foremost, and TRIM jogg'd behind,
All on Hobbies, &c.

Great WASHINGTON's hobby from first dawning youth,
Was virtue, and valor, and wisdom, and truth,
While JEFFERSON's hobby, on CHESTERFIELD's plan,
Was to *rise* in the *Statesman* but *sink* in the *Man*.
That's his Hobby, &c.

Sage ADAMS' hobby was science profound.
With a just rule to measure, and plummet to sound
In pursuit of true wisdom, despising fatigue,
For a courtier too honest, too frank for intrigue.
His Wisdom's our Hobby

JAY's hobby was COUNTRY; he ne'er would forsake her,
As wise as old PLATO, and plain as a Quaker.
Burnt, for treaties, in effigy, slander'd his fame,
Like the Phenix, more vig'rous he rose from the flame.
His Country's his Hobby.

FRANKLIN's hobby was lightning rods, thunder, and fire,
How he joy'd to bestride the electrical wire!
When *Oppression's bolt* strove *Freedom's* fane to disjoint,
He repell'd the *Explosion*, and stuck to the *point*.
This was his Hobby.

BRITAIN's hobby's her *Navy*, the nations to awe,
Curb the tyrant of France, and to ocean give law.
NAPOLEON's hobby is policy sly,
And his empire (like Satan's) is built on a lie.
Power's his hobby.

The various departments of *State* have their hobbies
To please their dumb *Idol*, the principal job is.
D——rn's hobby's to end each report with a guess,
And to ward all exceptions, concludes *more or less*
That's his hobby

The JACOBINS' hobby's to *lie* without shame,
When *probity* better would answer their aim.
Should they happen to blunder on *truth* by mistake,
They start, and turn pale, as if bit by a snake.
Lying's their hobby.

The FED'RALISTS' hobby to *talk*, not to *act* is,
In *theory* perfect, deficient in PRACTICE.
Like the victim at Gaza, they sleep without fear,
And permit the Philistines their tresses to shear.
That's their Hobby, &c.

JOHNNY RANDOLPH's lame hobby's the *President's* chair,
And he capers like mad on his wind-broken mare.
His *Sire's* was the hobby! a finer ne'er man saw,
Whom the fop's no more like than a hog to a hand-saw.
Poor lame Hobby.

GILMAN's hobby, through life, was to *act well his part*.
From this law, no temptation could make him depart.
All the wise and the good, who beheld his just rule
Hail with blessings this pupil of *Washington's School*.
He's their Hobby.

Our GENERAL COURT's hobby's to choose something *New*,
They've chose a *new Clerk* a *new Secretary* too.
Their *new Gov'nor* to honor, with triumph we're told,
They've chose a *new door-keeper*—turn'd out the *old*.
That's their Hobby.

CONNECTICUT's hobby's to *manage* the beast,
Of all States in the Union corrupted the least.
MASSACHUSETTS' fine hobby still canters along
With ease and with grace; for the charger is—STRONG.
Strong's their Hobby.

OUR hobby's NEW-ENGLAND, who ne'er like a ninny,
Will submit to the nod of *slave-making* VIRGINIA,
Till *Tom's* dougty *gun-boats* and *Matt's Wooden lance*,
Capture BRITAIN's whole *navy*, and conquer all *France*,
New-England's our Hobby.

DEMOCRATIC DISSENSIONS.

Willing to amuse my readers with every thing that savours of wit, smartness or ingenuity, in the disputes of the democratic factions in this state, I copy the following passages from an editorial production in a late *Barometer*:—

"*Quitting Mr. Mitchell*, (says Mr. Cheetham) *for really victory could not prompt me to a contest with him*," &c. Now, Mr. Cheetham has a peculiar way in managing editorial combat: first to defy next affect to despise, & then to defeat his adversary—if he can. He has heretofore spoken in very respectful terms of the Barometer, and complimented the abilities of its editor—we were not much flattered. He now affects to sneer contemptuously upon us—we certainly feel no depression

But, my good sir, be not so hasty in your acclamation of victory: it may be farther off than you imagine The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. We boast no great prowess in political warfare, but we trust in the impenetrability of our armour; rectitude, patriotism, and justice: in this plain array, a stripling triumphed over the giant of Gath.

We certainly, Mr. Cheetham, are not ambitious of contest. No one can regret more extremely than we do, the present aspect of our political affairs. We repeat, we are averse to contest, we have not provoked it; but, sir, the contumely which you and your associated band have unjustly endeavored to heap upon the most eminent official characters in the state, shall be noticed in due order. Not a single official act of his Excellency, the Governor, since his inauguration, has merited the least censure; you know, Mr. Cheetham, in your own soul, it has not; but it suits the *convenience* of your plans to assail him; let your productions before us bear testimony, through which, in alluding to his Excellency, you have scattered unbecoming and indecorous language. With Mr Holt, you say we have prematurely espoused this cause; too prematurely, no doubt, for certain purposes, but not for the honor of the state. Friendly as we are to an honorable rotation in office, we have yet to learn that wretched duplicity of principle, and wicked versatility in politics, which, for sinister designs, can shout *hosanna* to day and cry *crucify* to-morrow. We will therefore search the subject to the bottom. And be assured, sir, that we are not unacquainted with the "*secre springs*" which have set this controversy in motion. But they shall not always remain *secret*: we will tear aside the veil, the public eye shall behold them. Nor will we be diverted from our purpose, sir, either by your clamours or your silence; your reproaches or your applauses.

The editor of the Evening Post, in giving an account of the proceedings of the present corporation of New-York, states the following instance (among many others) of the shameful conduct of that body with regard to dismissals and appointments. They almost out-Jefferson Jefferson himself:—

"Jeremy Marshall, at the beginning of the revolutionary contest, went over to Long-Island, and enlisted in the ranks as a common soldier. In this humble station he passed through the whole war, enduring his full share of the hardships and severities which were the lot of the American army. Though repeatedly offered advancement, and particularly the situation of commissary, he cheerfully declined every advantage of this kind in behalf of others, and took his chance with his fellow-soldiers in the ranks. Once (and he has often mentioned it with sensibility) being attacked with an alarming illness while the army lay at Kingsbridge, Governor Clinton, then General Clinton (ah! how different a man from what he has since become) sought out his tent, and came himself to him, bringing with him a physician. Pointing to the sick and helpless soldier, he said to the physician, "Sir, I entreat you to spare no pains or attention on this patient, for he is one of the most useful men in the army." He recovered and returned to his duty to which he rigidly adhered till the peace.

"At the end of the war he came home with a ruined constitution. After all the hardships he had undergone, a shattered frame—an empty purse—and a dejected spirit, were all he had left him. His services and his sufferings however, were not long forgotten. The same Governor Clinton who had brought relief to him when sick in the tent, Governor Clinton, (not at that time under the guidance of those base passions which have degraded and disgraced [illegible] y hairs in the close of life,) enquired for Mr. Marshall, and rewarded him with the office of *inspector of lumber*, under the first act creating the office. The duties of it were well suited to Mr. Marshall's feeble state of health, and it was one that with care and economy might yield a decent competence for his little family. In latter times, however, it was his misfortune to think with General Washington and Hamilton on the subject of the politics of this country; and for this, because he could not conscientiously join Governor Clinton in his opposition to the federal constitution, and the federal administration, under it the Robespierian council of appointment, with *Governor Clinton* at their head, deprived him of the only reward of all his toils and his valor. Mr. Marshall was removed from office in the beginning of the *reign of Clinton and Spencer*, and the appointment given to a Mr. Burling, of West-Chester county, who in the scramble for offices that were taken from the federalists, tried to lay hold of that of *inspector of flour*, for which he thought himself well qualified, because he was the owner of a flour mill. But as the office of *flour inspector* had been obtained by a Mr. Ferris, who pretended to know superfine flour from plaster of Paris, Mr. Burling was made *inspector of lumber*, for which he was equally well qualified by instinct as for the other.

"The above circumstances were stated to the electors of the second ward just previous to a charter election in November 1803, as a recommendation of Mr. Marshall to the office of collector, to which he was elected; and which he now holds, having been chosen a second time. His conduct as collector is found on enquiry, to have been highly satisfactory. Mr. Marshall, besides the appointment from the state, held the office of *inspector of lumber* under the corporation of this city, to which he was appointed years ago. The first office makes him an inspector for exportation; the last for city consumption. This last office it is that the "little tyrants" of our corporation have just deprived Mr. Marshall of. The truth is, his very great expertness and his integrity in the execution of his office, procured him too great a share of the business, and formed his greatest crime. While he was the inspector, many a hungry democrat could hardly get a crumb to put into his mouth. It was therefore necessary to remove him. And now at the age of fifty-two, this honest, worthy man is turned adrift upon the world, and the means by which for years he has supported his family are taken from him, for no earthly reason but because he has too much honorable principle to debase himself and truckle to those in power? men whose sentiments he cannot in conscience approve of nor support. And whom do you think they have appointed in the place of Mr. Marshall? Will you believe it when I tell you, they have appointed a Mr. Harrison to this office, who was a *midshipman on board one of the king's ships* during the American war, that very war, in which Marshall was on the opposite side wasting his best years.

"Such are the fruits of our liberty and independence. The men who were foremost among the heroes who atchieved the supposed blessing are in the winter of life despised, insulted, persecuted and proscribed, by those who have since risen from their cradles, and who, as if to add insult to injury, deprive them and their families of their bread, that it may be given to the very enemies against whom they had been arrayed in the field of battle."

If Holt is seriously disposed to attempt to establish a *character*, I can render him some assistance. If I have hitherto touched him but lightly, and only with respect to his editorial life, it was not for want of *documents*. I am not disposed to depart an inch from my ordinary track; but circumstances alter cases. If new subjects are brought up, I shall be found at home.

"Turtle dinner"..."turtle-club"..."green-turtle," and "turtle-point," all occur in the space of four lines in the last Bee. I recommend to the writer of the article the signature of *Mud-Turtle*, as extremely appropriate.

BEE FALSHOODS.

I should have felt under some obligation to expose the falsity of the leading editorial article in the last Bee, had not the editor corrected it in the P. S. annexed.

If Holt's most partial friends can compare his *pretended* analysis of the "Six Reasons" in the Albany Gazette with the *original*, without blushing, I will acknowledge that there are worse men in the world, than I ever before imagined.

Holt's story about the Governor and the Attorney-General, is all a *bum*...that is, there's not a word of truth in it.

The reader, to be convinced that Holt *lies*, when he says the federalits are the eulogists of Mat. Lyon, may refer to the Balance of last week, and to all the federal papers in the union.

The *Boston Courier* need not give credit for a monitorial article lately *stolen* from the Balance.

Nine cents per month will be given to a democrat who can read, and will undertake to examine the Aurora, as it arrives, and point out to the editor those parts, (if any such there are) deserving of notice.

Agricultural.

EXTRACT.

FROM THE NEWBERN GAZETTE.

CURE FOR THE STAGGERS.

The ſtaggers have by Farriers been hitherto conſidered an inflamatory complaint, and been treated, by blood letting and powerful drenches—with what ſucceſs, the melancholy experience of our Planters, has too well ſhown. It is (by ſome recent caſes, which have been relieved by a different treatment,) ſufficiently demonſtraed that the nature of the complaint has heretofore been miſtaken. By obſerving the following directions, we hope a more ſucceſsful practice may be adopted in this formidable diſeaſe.

As ſoon as the ſymptoms of the diſorder are diſcovered, give two table ſpoonfulls of the juice of common garlick, and repeat the doſe every two hours, till the ſymptoms are entirely removed. It will be well, even after the horſe is apparently recovered, to give a doſe of the remedy every morning for a week, to ſecure him from a relapſe. When garlick cannot be found, it is probable, that the juice of onions, or that of a larger kind of garlick, which is frequent in gardens, under the name of French garlick, may be of equal efficacy. Several valuable horſes who were apparently in the laſt ſtage of the diſeaſe, have been ſpeedily and effectually cured by this remedy. We have this information from a reſpectable gentleman of Jones County, who was a witneſs to the ſucceſs of the practice and has entire confidence in its ſucceſs, even in the moſt extreme caſes.

Monitorial.

To aid the cause of virtue and religion.

EXTRACT.

From Dr. Goldſmith's Eſſays.

TO know one profeſſion only, is enough for one man to know; and this, whatever the profeſſors may tell you to the contrary, is ſoon learned. Be contented, therefore, with one good employment, for if you underſtand two at a time, people will give you buſineſs in neither.

A conjurer and a tailor happened to converſe together. 'Alas!' cries the tailor, 'what an unhappy poor creature am I! if people ever take it into their heads to live without cloaths, I am undone, I have no other trade to have reſource to.' 'Indeed friend, I pity you ſincerely,' replies the conjurer: 'But, thank heaven, things are not quite ſo bad with me; for if one trick ſhould fail, I have one hundred tricks more for them yet. However, if at any time you are reduced to beggary apply to me, and I will relieve you.' A famine overſpread the land; the tailor made a ſhift to live, becauſe his cuſtomers could not be without clothes, but the poor conjurer with his hundred tricks could find none that had money to throw away. It was in vain that he promiſed to eat fire, or to vomit pins: no ſingle creature would relieve him; till at laſt he was obliged to beg from the very tailor whoſe calling he had formerly deſpiſed.

One obſtruction to the fortune of youth is, that, while they are willing to take offence from none, they are equally deſirous of giving nobody offence. From hence they endeavour to pleaſe all, comply with every requeſt, and attempt to ſuit themſelves to every company: have no will of their own, but, like wax, catch every contiguous impreſſion. By thus attempting to give univerſal ſatisfaction, they at laſt find themſelves miſerably diſappointed: To bring the generality of admirers on our ſide, is ſufficient to attempt pleaſing a very few.

A painter of eminence was once reſolved to finiſh a piece which ſhould pleaſe the whole world. When, therefore, he had drawn a picture in which his utmoſt ſkill was exhauſted, it was expoſed in the market place, with directions at the bottom for every ſpectator to mark with a bruſh, that lay by, every limb and feature that ſeemed erroneous. The ſpectators came, and in general applauded; but each willing to ſhew his talent at criticiſm, ſtigmatiſed whatever he thought proper. At evening, when the painter came he was mortified to find the picture one univerſal blot, not a ſingle ſtroke that not the marks of diſapprobation. Not ſatisfied with this trial, the next day he went reſolved to try them in a different manner, and expoſing his picture as before, deſired the ſpectators would mark thoſe beauties they approved or admired.—The people complied, and the artiſt returning, found his picture covered with the marks of beauty: every ſtroke which had yeſterday been condemned, now received the character of approbation. Well cries the painter, I now find that the beſt way to pleaſe all the world is to attempt pleaſing but one half of it.

Laws of New-York.

AN ACT,

To revive the third clause of an act concerning Quit-Rents, passed the eighth day of April, one thousand eight hundred and one, and to extend the time for the remission and commutation of certain quit-rents.—Passed April 9th, 1805.

Be it enacted by the people of the State of New-York, represented in Senate and Assembly, That the time limited by the third section of the act, entitled "An Act concerning quit-rents," passed the eighth day of April, one thousand eight hundred and one, for the remission and commutation of quit-rents in certain cases therein mentioned, shall be and the same is hereby revived and extended to the first Tuesday, of April next, upon the terms and conditions prescribed in and by said act: *Provided, notwithstanding,* That on all such patents as shall have been advertised according to law to be sold for arrears of quit-rents, the owners shall pay their proportion of the costs of advertisement.

Selected.

FROM THE CHARLESTON COURIER.

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE U. STATES.

SIR,

YOUR amiable friend and fellow-labourer in the vineyard of Religion and politics, Mr. THOMAS PAINE, has loſt leſs time than might have been expected from his *sedentary* habits, in gratifying your wiſh with a continuation of his "*useful labours.*" That half of your prayer,* at leaſt, he endeavours to accompliſh, unmindful though he may be of the other; and though, unfortunately for mankind, one of his propenſities is rather adverſe to his "*living long*"—another is as favourable as your piety and patriotism could wiſh it to be, to the proſecution of his uſeful labours. The over-indulgence of the former, will probably be ſuſpected of impairing the quality of the latter. Anniverſary toaſts, *three times three,* to democracy, and ten times repeated, may perhaps be good things; but, when from annual or quarterly, they become diurnal the lamp of life burns rather too faſt, and the good citizen runs a chance of becoming the victim of his own zeal. —We have heard lately of the caſe of a perſon taking fire from internal combuſtibility—The quality of ſelf ignition in human bodies has been but lately diſcovered in Europe; and America, which in all matters of ſcience, treads cloſe on the heels of the old country, will probably not be without its experimental proofs of this new point. We ſhould be ſorry to ſee a worthy patriot and chriſtian take fire from his *ſpirited* labours in the cauſe of liberty: And tho' there are many illiberal perſons who would ſay it was natural enough that he who, out of pure benevolence, had ſet fire to every community he touched, ſhould at laſt (making charity for once begin at home,) ſet fire to himſelf. It would ſtill be to be regretted that ſuch a thing ſhould happen, till the Great Man's miſſion was accompliſhed—When you and his other friends would have the comfort to think that his death was as conſpicuous, and on the ſame principle too, as his life; and that like another *Empedocles,* he had obtained immortal fame, by periſhing in fire, leaving you as a token, his old ſlippers of the Rights of Man, and Age of Reaſon. However the loſs of ſuch a Man might be felt, you would have the conſolation to reflect, that he died in a noble, ſpirited cauſe; and that whatever was loſt in the man, would be gained in the glory of his fall. If the writings of Mr PAINE, like the Archbiſhop of Grenada's Homilies, now begin to ſmell a little of decay, it is comfortable to reflect that it is a decay

* For this prayer, that Mr Paine might live to continue his uſeful labors, and reap his reward in the thankfulneſs of nations—ſee Mr Jefferſon's letter to Tom Paine, inviting him to America.

which has proceeded from his persevering, *spirited* exertions in the righteous cause of civil and religious freedom: and that the exceeding of his pious and patriotic labours in that way, would atone for the late deficiency of spirit in his writings.—Should his laudable habits extend their effects from his intellect to his precious life, it will cast a ray of sunshine into your bosom, and chear it for that great loss, to recollect that nothing was wanting, on your part, which could give activity to his industry, and to the benefits society have so long derived from that great and good man's labours—That the native benevolence of his heart has been animated by your example, and encouraged by your patronage, to accomplish the works he had so piously and prosperously begun in the cause of religion and government; and that if the world should be deprived of his aid, before the great work of reason and philosophy was completed, you could with pleasure recollect, that it was not for want of your orisons for his safety and long life. No doubt that gentleman knows the proper value to be set upon those orisons.—Prayers, in themselves very good, he probably thinks may be much the better for not being over-used; and while he considers your's as being, on that account, very valuable and efficacious, it must be flattering to him to reflect that a precious article, of which it is said you have been all your life so very sparing, should be reserved for his use. It is only on important and appropriate occasions, and high objects—on great men, and gala days, that the treasures of the rich and wise are brought forth and displayed to view—so that it is likely the world will concur with me in applauding your prudence, in preserving the worthy oblations of your prayers for the pious author of the Age of Reason—for the *complimenter, in his own way*, of WASHINGTON—and for the eulogists of BARRAS and his council of five. Mr. PAINE himself may perhaps be startled at the recollection, that you once prayed with equal apparent devotion, for Mr. JOHN ADAMS; but will recover when he calls to mind that the cogeniality of your sentiments and opinions to his own, is a sort of pledge for your sincerity to him—that the prayer for Mr. ADAMS was a public flourish; while that for himself was a private fraternal embrace—That the shoes of the former were worth pushing him out of, at the expense of a prayer or two, and the other being barefoot, you could expect nothing by flattering him, but the credit of contributing to the felicity of a worthy bosom, and evincing the soundness of your own patriotic and religious principles, by your entire approbation of his. *Laudari a Laudato* is fair play. The commerce of panegyric, like every other commerce, ought to be carried on with regard to mutual justice, and the rights of *meum* and *Tuum*—and every *quo* be balanced by a *quid*. Mr. PAINE's panegyric upon you is pertectly correct, and correspondent to that high sense of moral conduct which has ever distinguised him. On the article of prayers, however, he is in your debt; and it is to be hoped that he will not reserve them for some other object—It would be lamentable indeed, and unjust, if he did; for to whom can such prayers as his be so justly apropriated, or by whom be so well deserved.—Besides being his bosom friend, you would then have cause to rejoice, as Dr JOHNSON did, in an answer to his bookseller, who wrote him word that he thanked God he had done with him; to which the Doctor replied, "Doctor Johnson is glad to hear that Mr. —— has the grace to thank God *for any thing!*"

The change in the intellect of Mr. PAINE, which appears stronger in every piece of his writing than it did in the former, and in the last more strongly than in all the rest put together, is a subject of curious consideration. He does not seem to have lost all mind but to have cast off his former, and taken up a new one—The falling re-production of animal matter is known. Perhaps mind may be moulted, as well as feathers; and as a new nail grows after the old has been lost by a whitloe or bruise, the fabric of mind which Mr. Paine may have lost in the crushes, the squeezings, and the lacerations of British courts, and in the prisons of the terrible ROBESPIERRE may have been supplied by a new growth, in which not an atom of the old is contained. His memory indeed seems to be altogether of a new species. As the unlucky wit, Peter Pindar makes King George enter in his tablets as Whitbread's brewery—Mr. P. seems to have got the power of *remembering to forget*, and *forgetting to remember* facts, beyond any thing I have experienced. The dreams of some people are made up of curious stuff; and when the brain is under the active operation of *a very strong stimulant*, the imagination, in a kind of raving delirium can compound and patch up together, curious pieces of motley, from things that exist, as well as from things that never had existence, transferring the patch that belongs to one side, to that which belongs to its opposite. It is in one of those felicitous visions I suppose, that Mr. P. put together that curious tissue, his 8th letter in which a description in words is given of the federalists, and federal prints, while the matter is taken from his own party, in which he *describes* federalism as an *undescribable* nothing, and accuses the federal prints of abusive vulgarity, while a great part of that very letter is the worst kind of Billingsgate † In which he dreams of an army of 50,000 men, *intended* to be raised, without any real cause, but on the pretext of an intended French invasion, of which, by the bye, he insists there was no danger, giving Dr. Logan for his evidence; and in which he remembers to forget that to save the trouble of invasion, a French army was raising here by worthy and benevlent Jacobins, French and else, even in the bowels of the land; in which his miraculous memoirs call to mind facts that never did exist, and forgets to remember others that did. In which he libels General Hamilton with an accusation of despising Washington, the dearest object of his reverence and affection, and so far forgets Americans as to libel Washington himself, as the disguised enemy of his country;—in which he forgets every thing that ought to be remembered, and remembers, most abundantly, that, and that only, which it would be happy for him if he could forget and erase for ever from the memory of mankind, to wit—himself—not forgetting (as usual) his compilations from other men's brains. Common Sense.

The good or evil which befall nations are attributed (often to be sure improperly) to the conduct of their rulers at the time. Queen ANNE will forever have the glory of her good reign, and GEORGE III. the blame of his bad one. Yet neither were by any means so instrumental in the incidents of their times, as you are in those of America for the last five years. Rely upon it, Sir, posterity will hold a rigorous inquisition upon your conduct and your motives; in which they will find it difficult to account for certain appearances of a very extraordinary nature. Notwithstanding all that can be said, they will be puzzled to account how it should have happened that, during your Presidency, and wherever your friendship and influence extended, disrespect to that great man to whom the world concur in attributing the independence of this country—WASHINGTON, should have been the fashion with the high-flying liberty-men; Why those who dared with their unhallowed pens to calumniate him were your favorites; Why being the magistrate of a country professing the Christian religion, and the friend, and next but one sucessor in office to WASHINGTON, you should be the patron of him who attacked and endeavored to overturn the one, and grossly vilified the other. And on what grounds of opinion respecting yourself and your private sentiments, Mr. PAINE, in an essay very adulatory to you and your party, should so far commit you and insult the American people, as to depreciate WASHINGTON, and bring a charge against him of saying sternly and with a haughty tone to a person who had crossed the project of a standing army, with which Mr. PAINE very plainly insinuates it was the design of WASHINGTON to enslave the country, and with a haughty tone—"*And pray, Sir, what right have you, that are but a private citizen, to interfere in matters of government?*"—The language of faction and the logic of interested partizans, will be forgotten when these things are spoken of. When it will be asked, upon what inverted principle of thought; upon what vague, undefined hope; for what possible object, or by what means such a system of policy should have been created or even contemplated, as that by which the government of this country and the disposal of its power was gradually passed down, as it will soon be seen to be, from the wisest and best, to the lowest and worst men in the community. Look Sir, to the struggles for power between that party which was lately all cutting each others' throats with more inveterate malignity than ever they cut the federalists. If you have time to consider it, what must be your sensations to find Gov. M'KEAN, once the idol of your party, denounced in terms disgraceful to language, by the very men who held him up to the world as an object of worship and admiration. Read the fulsome, bloated praises, which but a few months ago the democrats bestowed upon him: Read the horrid invectives they publish against him now: Both done by the very same hands. Can both be true? The people have been deceived in either one or other instance. How then can they in any thing trust the deceivers? If Mr. M'KEAN was bad they are worse than imposters in praising him into popularity. If he was not bad they are more than ordinarily wicked to calumniate him. Have you read the letter of your democratic friend, Mr M. LYON, to your favorite editor, now the head of a new faction. Yourself in your speech, your friend PAINE in his last letter, your party every where have denounced the federal presses as abusive and calumnious. Read Mr LYON's letter and match some parts of it, if you can, in the whole world of scurrility. That letter, nevertheless contains many truths, and ought to be published. The offensive parts, which I own, I should be sorry to see in a paper in this society, greatly and justly though I dispise the object of them, ought to be left out. This Sir, is not the ordinary scuffle of a whole people divided into two parties, nearly equal. It is the last stage of political deterioration. As America has for some time followed the example and been guided by France in some things, this may be compared to that crisis when the *Mountain* was falling upon the *Moderes*, and the GIRONDISTS, were yielding up their throats to the ROBESPIERRE Faction. That was the time in France when virtue and talents were in form and systematically denounced as aristocratic. The time is advancing now in America, co-ordinate and comparable to that in France, when the absence of mental and moral qualifications will be considered by some men the only justifiable, and be in fact, the only successful pretensions to power. Depend upon it Sir, these things are worth your consideration, and demand your very speedy regard. The evil that threatens is too great to allow a suspicion that you have had a conception of it. Far, very far from me, be the notion that you could contemplate without horror such a prospect as reason and experience pointing back to the history of the world, and particularly to that of the last thirteen years, reveals to the mind's eye as lying before this country. When the curtain, through the flimsy texture of which, persons, whom you will, perhaps, call too curious, obscurely see preparations making for a drama, terrible as the eye can behold, shall be lifted up, then will you be astonished! Security was the ruin of the French rulers in succession. You see the wiser and better informed portion of your party, you see your friends, your confidential Statesmen, denounced by demagogues, and sinking beneath the multitude. You see your out-works, your ravelines, your lunettes and tenailles battered in breach. You see the very ditch filling up; and, because the main body of the work remains unassaulted, you feel secure. But remember, Sir, that moderation is the virtue of the wise only; the result of calculation and cool reflection. You are not to look for it in that class of men who are now striving to wrest the power from your leading friends, and to put the exclusive business of thought, knowledge and tal-

† It will condemn them as impostors & hypocrites—Federalists have no principles to argue upon, and as falshood has become naturally their mother tongue in New England, that they have lost the power as well as the disposition of speaking truth.

It (the New England Palladium) is a paper worthy of being the buffoon of such a faction, and of such a hypocritical impostor, (Mr. Hulburt, a legislator.)

ent, into the hands of the ignorant, the turbulent and the muddy-minded. You are yet likely to live long, and see things of which I fear you never even dream. You may live to see your friend THOMAS PAINE live and indulge you with more of his "useful labors" You may live to see your friends and supporters, M'KEAN, DALLAS, MERCER, GALLATIN—in a word the whole intellect and wisdom of your party "trampled beneath the hoofs of a swinish multitude." You may live to see your friend, T. PAINE, sound the bugle-horn to those who will trample upon them and upon you. You may live to think that you have lived too long. That you may live long, and yet never see all this, is the sincere wish but not the belief of

CORREGIDOR.

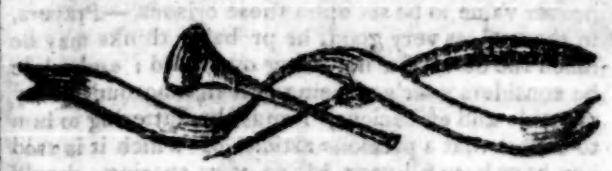
FROM THE (N. Y.) EVENING POST.

Sentiments of foreigners respecting Mr. Jefferson's administration.—Having waited a reasonable time to see if any answer would be given to the article of last Friday week, proving that the department of the London Monthly Magazine, entitled "*American Literature*," is written "on this side of the Atlantic," and of course is not entitled to the credit and importance ascribed to it as containing the sentiments of a foreigner by the democratic papers, I beg the liberty to suppose the cause is given up. But since certain folks have taken a fancy to bolster themselves up by the pretended approbation of foreign Journalists, we now present the following extract from the fourth vol. of the Edinburgh Review, a work of great celebrity and conducted by men of learning and high respectability. The extract is taken from the "*Review of Davis's Travels.*"

"During his stay in the metropolis, Mr. Davis was present at one of the most interesting debates with which the House of Representatives has been occupied since the accession of the present President. One of the very first measures of that administration, was to propose the absolute and entire abolition of all internal taxes, comprehending those which had been imposed on distilled liquors, on refined sugars, on licenses to retailers of wine and spirits, on sales by auction, on carriages, and on stamps, and to substitute in their place certain customs and duties on the importation of foreign commodities. This step, we are afraid, was taken rather from a strong desire of popularity, than from any sound or deliberate principle or financial reformation. Old established taxes are commonly paid with the least reluctance, and the amount of those that were levied in America, was confessedly very inconsiderable. By the repeal, a deviation is made from what a celebrated writer has denominated the "plain high road of finance;" the revenue of the country must be entirely drawn from the fluctuating source of commerce; a dependence is placed on the very winds and waves; and, in case of war, which the history of the X. Y. Z. negociation and the affair of New-Orleans lead us to consider as an occurrence by no means so improbable as some affect to suppose, this source must be in a great measure cut off: and it will then be necessary to resort again to those very taxes, the imposition of which, at first, occasioned an insurrection, but to which the people had become accustomed and reconciled. The repeal does not appear to have been supported so much on the idea of any individual tax being exceptionable, as in conformity to a regular and peculiar system of policy, objecting to the principles of internal taxation. If any particular tax had been considered as burdensome or unequal, it ought certainly to have been modified or withdrawn, but we must confess ourselves utterly at a loss to comprehend the inducements to an entire and indiscriminate annihilation of these sources of revenue.

On these imposts, that on stamps, particularly, excited the interests of the community; and although in a commercial country, a duty of this nature must be extremely productive, and though we are disposed to think, none can be of more just or equable operation; yet, as the very mention of a stamp act, though imposed by his own representatives, is grating to the ear of the American citizen, and calls up to his mind remembrances of an unpleasing nature, we can readily conceive that a timid and cautious administration might have urged the substitution of some other in its stead, or even have consented to its abolition, until a more awful and imposing crisis. But as for the duties on stills and distilled liquors, to which but a temporary resistance was made by the deluded inhabitants of the western parts of Pennsylvania, not only the necessities of government, but the policy of checking a most general and odious vice, the bane of social and domestic happiness, required their continuance. Where spirituous liquors, both of home and foreign manufacture are in such vast abundance and so easily procured, a perpetual allurement and irresistible temptation is held out to intemperance. The consequence is that in no country is habitual drunkenness so prevalent as in the United States; and, instead of augmenting the evil, the wholesome interposition of Legislative control is imperiously demanded for its diminution.

The repeal of the other taxes, such as those on auctions, licenses, carriages and refined sugars, must at first sight appear equally inexpedient as nothing could afford a more legitimate subject for the exercise of the just and received notions of taxation than each of these. To us it seems a strange inconsistency that the Nabob who lolls in his coach and who consumes refined sugar or wine from the retailer, should give nothing for the enjoyment of these luxuries, while those in the more humble walks of life are obliged to pay an high price for the imported necessaries of life. Could the idea be entertained that the people were too much burthened, it would certainly have been better, as the federalists proposed, to lessen or take off entirely the duties on salt, brown-sugar, the cheaper teas, the coarser manufactures, and indeed, from all those articles which the poorer part of the community have the greatest reason to require, in which they are more immediately concerned, and which arise rather from the necessities than the refinement of human nature.



Be it our weekly task,
To note the passing tidings of the times.

Hudson, *July* 23.

We have received by Captain Starbuck, of the brig Ann-Maria, a printed copy of the new constitution of the empire of Hayti. It is a curious and interesting document, comprising 16 pages 12 mo. The supreme command is vested in DESSALINES, who is called "Emperor I." but the government is not hereditary; slavery is abolished for ever; no particular church establishment is acknowledged by the state; provision is made for the education of youth; and the national colours of Hayti are very appropriately declared to be black and red stripes. We shall give an English dress to this constitution, and publish one half of it in the next number of the Mercantile Advertiser, and the remainder on Tuesday. [Mer. Adv]

In reply to a question that is often asked—"what are the fleets doing now?" we would answer—they are proceeding with all expedition for Europe. If it is again asked—"what is the object in returning to Europe?" We reply—the object of the leading, that is, the retreating fleet, is to get home; and the object of the following, that is, the pursuing fleet, is to overtake the other.—"To get home, did you say? there you are mistaken," says the Quidnunc, "so far from that they probably will not go to France for many months yet: their object doubtless is either to invade Ireland or to assist in the invasion of England. Bonaparte knew better than to send out so powerful a force merely for the purpose of teaching them a little practical navigation." With all deference to Mr. Q.'s opinion, we think it quite likely that, owing to the circumstances with which they are best acquainted, the Frenchmen have no other view than the speediest return possible to an Imperial port. Before leaving the Antilles they had, no doubt, learned that Nelson's fleet was in the neighborhood, and report or fear might augment it to a force which might justly strike a panic into the breasts of even braver men than Gravina or Lauriston. Supposing then that this terrible fellow, Nelson, would be in their wake immediately, a council of war is instantly called, the *probably* tremendous force of the enemy suggested, the hint is suddenly adopted, and Europe, Europe is the word. Our next account of this formidable armada will, very possibly, be from some port in the bay of Biscay, whilst its *one-eyed* pursuer will be found riding up the British Channel, squinting and cracking his whip at the game he could not overtake.

[*N. York Daily Advertiser*]

In the Ledger of Saturday, June 29, we announced the capture of the ship Huntress, by a Spanish privateer, and her recapture by two British letters of marque---The papers which we have since then received by the mails, confirm the account with the particulars of her capture---The Huntress was loaded at Washington with stores for our squadron in the Mediterranean. The contents of her cargo we are not minutely informed of, but from what we have understood, it must have consisted of articles of the first necessity to the fleet. If this be the case, we shall not be surprised should another year be wasted without effecting any thing, but the wanton expenditure of public money, and the accumulation of disgrace upon the public councils.

It may be said that the administration could not foresee this bold depredation upon its own property, as well as what has been for some time past committed upon our commerce, generally; but this excuse we are not inclined to admit. Has not this system of piracy existed for upwards of 12 months? has it not been, to the knowledge of every man, carried on upon our coast for upwards of two months! Those who would excuse the administration upon this ground, are driven to the necessity of acknowledging that it is ignorant of what concerns it most to know. In times like the present, the government should have sent stores under convoy, or in a vessel provided with the means of resisting the pirates that are permitted to infest our coast, and plunder us with perfect impunity.---But then either of these modes would have cost money, and would have broken in upon that inflexible system of oeconomy which so often reminds us of the old adage---*penny wise and pound foolish*---Let the President now calculate whether it would not have been more economical to have protected the Huntress with guns and men, than as at present to lose both ship and cargo. *(Norfolk Ledger.)*

Captain Wallace, of the ship Milford, informs us that a British fleet, consisting of the Queen of 98 guns, two ships of war of 74 guns, and fifty sail of transports, having on board between 5 and 6000 men arrived at Lisbon on the 7th of May, their destination unknown. A frigate arrived on the 10th with dispatches; and on that day the fleet left port. [*Mer.* Adv.]

We regret to have to state the arrival of a vessel from St. Domingo at this port, on board of which are several persons ill of the yellow-fever. It is some satisfaction and must be a source of confidence to the public to reflect that although there were upwards of 50 cases last year in the hospital of our Lazaretto that through the energy and vigilance of the board of health, and the officers of the establishment, we were as secure against the disease in this city as if it had not existed. The vessel to which we allude is the Nancy, Capt. Leake, and arrived yesterday morning from the city of St. Domingo. She has on board 20 officers and soldiers laboring under battle wounds who, it appears, were taken out of the hospital at that city.

Unfortunately for Capt. Leake, he has lost one of his crew on the passage, with all the malignant apearances of the yellow-fever; and the Capt. himself and another of the crew are both in a dangerous state of the disease. The cargo of the vessel is mahogany and logwood. There is a third person on board sick also. They have been landed and placed in clean, comfortable and airy apartments, and the usual attention and tenderness of the institution will be bestowed on the unfortunate.

A deputation from the board of health this morning visits the Lazaretto, and every care will be bestowed to effect the important ends of the institution, the preservation of the city from imported disease. [*Aurora.*]

Fourth of July at New London.

The jolly sons of Neptune we perceive from the Connecticut Gazette, assembled at a public house in New-London and celebrated the anniversary with the most heartfelt satisfaction and patriotic exultation. We are happy to observe (says the account) that this valuable and useful class of our fellow citizens are truly attached to the genuine Washington principles. After dinner the following truly appropriate toasts were drank. [*Ev. Post.*]

1. *The day we celebrate*—Fair weather, favorable gales and flowing sheets, to all true hearted tars.
2. *Our Admiral*—May he keep to his command in time of danger and never abandon his fleet, or deceive them by false lights.
3. *New-Hampshire*—On the shoals of democracy, dismasted, and a bad pilot, as her timbers are sound may she be got off and repaired.
4. *Massachusetts*—No near! May she soon have the wind abaft the beam.
5. *Rhode-Island*—The captain below—the mate sick—and the crew by the ears. May she be overhaul'd, new rigg'd and officer'd.
6. *Vermont*—Not yet on her beam ends—May she soon right and be as stiff as ever.
7. *Connecticut*---Neither luffing nor bearing away---steady to resist the whirlwind of democracy and water spouts of faction.
8. *New-York*---Two many ship's cousins, for the benefit of the crew
9. *New-Jersey*---Unfit for service; may she be laid up in ordinary.
10. *Pennsylvania*---A mad boatswain, and a factious crew-- may she be converted into a transport and return them to their native shores.
11. *Delaware*---Neither St Marino nor Virgina---a good little look-out ship; may she be always on the alert.
12. *Maryland*---Broken back'd; when repair'd may her timbers be sound and better dock'd.
13. *Virginia*---The fire ship of democracy; may the fleet be safe from her explosion.
14. *The Carolinas and Georgia*---Tenders to Virginia; may they soon be sick of their employ and enter into other service.
15. *Kentucky, Tennessee, &c*---Marines to Virginia, may their mutinous spirit be confined to their own ship.
16. *Louisiana*---Of various materials; neither fit for land or water; may she be the receptacle of the turbulent and disaffected.
17. *Democracy!*---What a figure head!
18. *Modern Patriotism!*---A sheer hulk.

CHARLESTON, JULY 8.

A gentleman who came passenger in the sloop Ranger, from Augustine, informs, that on Tuesday morning last between St. Simon's and Savannah as soon as it was light, they observed a heavy smoke to the eastward, and shortly after discovered a large French sch'r, mounting 18 or 20 guns; and apparently a great number of men on board, standing in for the shore and a British ship of war in pursuit of her. The chace and firing of the ship continued for about 2 hours, when the sch'r, being close in shore, hove to, and our informant thinks anchored. The ship immediately ceased firing and continued to stand off and on: but they could not ascertain whether the privateer had struck her colors, they however plainly distinguished boats passing between them, and from this circumstance little doubt remains of the sch'r being captured. The ship mounted 15 or 16 guns on a side, and had more the appearance of a frigate than a sloop of war.

At one period the Frenchman ran so near the sloop Ranger, as to place her immediately between the privateer and the ship, when the latter ceased firing, until the sloop got out of the bearings of her guns

Our informant further states, that he plainly saw several of the shot from the ship strike the privateer; and observed the Frenchmen dodging, the moment they saw the flashes from the ship's guns. The schr. did not return the fire of the ship, but manoeuvered in every possible way to make her escape; but the ship having got to windward prevented her. From the description given of the schr. it is more than probable that she was the Mathilde the stoutest of the French privateers which have been cruising off our bar for some time past. The ship is supposed to be the Bacchante.

Capt. Bolchas, arrived yesterday in 6 days from Havanna, informs us that at 2 o'clock on Friday last, off Savannah, he witnessed an engagement between a French privateer and an English merchant ship, the action lasted about 43 minutes, when the privateer sheered off, and left the ship to pursue her course. The privateer is a fore-top sail schr. and is undoubtedly one of those which have been cruising off this port lately, and the one which was chased to the Southward on Tuesday night last, by the Driver sloop of war—she mounts 10 guns. The English ship was probably the Margaret, Guineaman, which is momently expected from New-Providence,

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Capt. Tyler, who arrived at Boston last Sunday, from St. Lucar fell in with at sea June 22, lat. 41, 40, lon. 59, a brig, a wreck, both masts lying along side, full of water, with a *Lyon head*, yellow mouldings, with black between, quarter boards inside green, belfry and a gallos, Verdigrise boot-top, pumps along side the companion way; she appeared to have been but a short time at sea; her cargo was supposed to consist of Teas and Cotton; hooked out of her cabin some late New-York papers, a cocked hat, &c.; found one dead body on board, which Capt. T. committed to the waves. Capt. Tyler tried to tow her into port, but meeting with light and head winds, was compelled to abandon her. [N. Y. E. Post.]

BOSTON, JULY 15.

Capt. Seward, arrived here on Friday from Cadiz, informs, that there were five sail of the Spanish line, lying in the bay ready for sea; one of 140 guns, 2 of 74, 2 of 64, and 4 others were to drop down in a few days, and wait the arrival of 11 more from Carthagena, which were hourly expected. There was no account from the combined fleet since they left Cadiz; Their destination was still a secret, Capt. S. also informs, that Gen. Moreau had had a friendly hint to leave Spain, and was to take passage either in the ship Sachem, of Wiscasset, for Boston, or in the Washington for New-Bedford.

To Correspondents.

"PROTEUS," in our next.

Several other communications shall be attended to in course.

The Knot.

MARRIED,

At East-Hartford, Mr. THADDEUS GALE, (Medico Electrician) aged 43, to Miss HARRIOT BATES, aged 11 years!

The Knell.

At Winchester, on the 9th inst. of a quick consumption, SAMUEL STANLEY, of Hartford, C. in the 21st year of his age. Not the most approved medical skill, nor the care, attention and tears of a fond mother for an only son and a first-born, could avail, to ward off the shafts of death.

Wreath.

FOR THE BALANCE.

THE AMERICAN CAPTIVE.

As wearied and faint, o'er the wild domain
Near Tripoli s borders I sought the cool shade,
My pity was rous'd by the clank of a chain;
I saw a poor captive reclin'd on his spade.

"Sleeps my country?" he cried "shall I ne'er visit more
"The land of my fathers and freedom enjoy?
"Will never thy voice shake this guilt-hardened shore,
"And warn it that vengeance has wak'd to destroy?

"O where is the valour that flew to repel,
"The lawless aggressions of Gallia s power?
"O where do those spirits magnanimous dwell
"Who scorn'd to submit in a perilous hour?

"Has anarchy 'whelm'd thee in gloomy dispair?
"Or the conqueror levell'd thy towering pride?—
"O no. By the blood of our heroes I swear,
"Thy prowess shall never be vainly defi'd.

"When lately thy thunders assail'd the blue sky,
"And the desart re-echo'd the clamours of war;
"Thy genius approving, look'd down from on high,
"And own'd with a smile the American tar.

"Where now are those heroes that led the bold fight;
"And the eagle and stars bore to Tripoli's wall?
"Alas! sons of glory, our navy's delight,
"Condemn'd in a contest unequal to fall

"Must care for our brothers to strike the sad lay.
"Methinks that with rapture I hear them exclaim,
"Ere long shall the bones of sea-robbers display
"A monument worthy of Somers's name.

FOR THE BALANCE.

TO A FRIEND.

July 4th, 1805.

In vain do your jeer at the folly
Attach'd to a *boy of eighteen*,
Who loving and sighing,
First laughing, then crying,
Bequeaths unto dread melancholy,
Those hours which are usually jolly,
Whilst youth brightens every scene.

Believe me, I'd follow most gladly
The wholesome advice you propose,
Yet talking will answer but sadly
To furnish relief for my woes:
Then quit me, I pray you,
Let nothing delay you,
Begone and torment me no more!
I ne'er can bear leaving
This sniv'ling and grieving
While scorn'd by the girl I adore.

Say as much as you will,
Hypocondria still
Decrees to my heart cloudy weather;
But if Dolly should smile,
My griefs 't would beguile
And make me as cheerful as ever.

CLODPOLE.

Diversity.

EXTRACT.

ON THE DIFFERENT FASHIONS.

In an Italian book printed a century ago, there is this *bon mot* of a fool, who went about the ſtreets naked, carrying a piece of cloth upon his ſhoulders. He was aſked by ſome one, why he did not dreſs himſelf, ſince he had the materials? "Becauſe," replied he, "I wait to ſee in what manner the faſhions will end. I do not like to uſe my cloth for a dreſs, which in a little time will be of no uſe to me, on account of ſome new faſhions."

Since that time the rapid changes of faſhion have ſo augmented, that what was then told as a fool's reply, might now paſs as the mature reflection of a wiſe man.

Who would believe there has been an age in which the eye-brows growing together was admired and praiſed as a perfection in ladies. It is however a fact atteſted by Anacreon, who boaſted of this charm in his miſtreſs. Theocritus, Petronius, and ſeveral of the ancients, alſo notice it. Ovid informs us, that in his time the ladies painted between their eye brows, that they might appear to be united. It is ſtill conſidered as beautiful, I believe, among the Grecians and Perſians.

There was a time when it was faſhionable for gentlemen to have thick legs; this dropſical faſhion however, gave way to a conſumptive one, and thin legs were for a time all the rage.

To what height has not faſhion carried its tyranny? There has been a period it has influenced the health; it was not becoming to be healthy; it was conſidered as indicative of being a low, vulgar perſon.

At another time the vapours were in vogue, and it was thought a mark of good breeding to have them exceſſively.

Various are the forms which ladies head-dreſſes have aſſumed at different periods; and to what whims has not the faſhion of the hair been ſubjected?—Sometimes dreſſed high, then low, patted, to hang in treſſes, and ſometimes cloſe up to the head, and it has been even cropped round.

Moſt of the faſhions, however, in dreſſing, which have been conſidered by the ladies as new, may be ſeen on old medals to have been the dreſſes of the ancient empreſſes.

SOMETHING SINGULAR.

The Pigeons have made great ravages in the fields of corn, in this and ſome of the neighbouring towns, for ten days paſt. A number of pieces, containing ſeveral acres, have been entirely deſtroyed: not one hill is left ſtanding. It is really ſurpriſing with what dexterity the Pigeons pull up corn.—They light upon a field in a flock, take a regular courſe through the piece and turn about ſomething as the farmer does in hoeing—taking it up all clean as they go. Some pieces have been planted a ſecond time, bur ſo late in the ſeaſon, and the weather ſo cold, little hopes can be entertained of it.

[*Randolph paper.*]

One of the famed Literati, a country ſculptor, was ordered to engrave on a tombſtone the following words:

'A virtuous woman is a *crown* to her husband.'

But the ſtone being ſmall, he engraved on it,

'A virtuous woman is 8s10 to her husband.'

TERMS OF THE BALANCE, FOR 1804.

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To thoſe who take their papers at the office, in bundles, or otherwiſe, a deduction from the city price will be made.

A handſome Title Page and Table of Contents will accompany the laſt number of the volume.

NOTE.

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